SOME SALEM CELEBRITIES

Pioneer Heroes and Others Who Helped to Make Early Indiana History.

The Part Taken by John H. Farnham in Establishing the Free-School System—A High-Tempered Judge—An Accusing Epitaph.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

A gray November sky, threatening rain, all around silence and the signs of decay. From the trees near us fluttered down leaf after leaf upon the low tombstone at our feet, for Col. Jack Lawler and myself stood at the summit of Crown Hill, the God's acre of the town of Salem. I know of no cemetery in the State of Indiana which has given resting-places to more characters, both good and bad, who have helped to make and mold the State. But the glory and disgrace of this sleeping-place of the dead is near its center. Here, at the highest point of the cemetery, is a half-ruined brick inclosure, 12 by 15 feet, with a solitary maple still blazing over it, as if in reproof to forgetful mankind. Two thin slabs of limeston- stand at the north, inside of the wall. Upon the front is the legend:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN HAY FARNHAM,
Born Mass. a. d. 1791. A graduate
of Harvard University.
An able advocate and
A devoted friend to the interest
of the West
Who with
EVELYN MARIA,
Exemplary as a wife, a mother and
a Christian, and their
INFANT,
Died of Cholera, July, 1833.
Four children sleep beside them
Two Orphans Mourn
Their Loss.

Upon the other slab is simply this and nothing more:

WM. FARNHAM,
BORN 1760, DIED 1829.

This is all that remains of a man and his family, who ought to be cherished in the heart of every true son of Indiana; whose name ought to be inscribed in every schoolbook in the State, and to whom the grateful people ought to rear a lofty monument, in place of the disgraceful ruin that marks his last rest.

Forgotten, except by a very few, though he was one of the martyrs of modern times, and suffered that those who came after might reap the rich harvest he had sown. We stood long at his neglected grave, and wondered at the changes time brings about, and at the victories springing from apparently hopeless fights.

From the cemetery my cicerone led me to the office of the venerable Dr. Harvey Henderson, himself a pioneer, who knew Farnham well, and was his enthusiastic friend and admirer. From him I gathered the meager data obtainable in relation to the dead man's career.

Early in the twenties John Hay Farnham came to Salem, from Massachusetts, and settled down to law practice. He was a fine-looking man, of brilliant parts, polished, dignified, the ideal gentleman, in the truest sense of the word. He was in love with the West, and it was not long before the people found it out, and appreciated it. Men of education and culture were exceedingly rare in Indiana in those days, and the people took Farnham up and sent him to the Legislature, which still met at Corydon. When not actually a member, he was either Clerk of the House or Senate, and many of the best of the early laws were drafted by him.

He always had the interest of the people at heart, and willingly sacrificed himself for that, but it has taken nearly till the present day for the people to discover his devotion.

Some few years before his untimely death he became deeply interested in the subject of free schools. Strange as it may seem today, at that time the free and equal education of all children was looked upon by the people as nothing less than revolutionary, rank socialism, and an invasion of their sacred rights. Those who had acquired farms, homes or other property called themselves the "snake killers," and bitterly opposed free schools. They held that it was outright theft to tax them for the tuition of the children of the poorer classes, and they were ready to rise in open violence against such a project. From this it will be understood what it meant to Farnham, when he took it upon himself to become the apostle of the free-school system. But he did not hesitate. In a Fourth of July speech, before a great concourse of people, he urged upon them the adoption of an educational system which would give equal chances to all. He told his hearers that it must come or the Republic would go to pieces under the weight of ignorance, and prophetically predicted that the future would vindicate him. The speech was almost worth his life, such was the feeling aroused against him. As it was, he was socially and politically ostracized, although still sought as the ablest lawyer in Indiana. But he kept up his agitation to the day of his death and may fitly be called the father of Indiana's great school system. He left what was at that day the largest estate in Indiana, $11,000.

While thus talking about this martyr in the cause of education, Colonel Lawler remarked: "Do you know who wrote the 'Bread-winners?'"

"Well, no. It is imputed to John Hay, but of course I do not know."

"Well, he undoubtedly wrote it."

"Yes," said Dr. Henderson, "for there are local touches in it which could only come from a native of Salem. You know he was born here? He is the son of Dr. Charles Hay and the nephew of Farnham, Dr. Hay and Farnham having married sisters. The Hays moved from here to Illinois, Warsaw, I think. In the "Bread-winners" the name of Salem occurs, and Farnham is one of the heroes. There is no mistaking this. We discovered it as we read the story.

From Farnham the talk drifted to others who had played prominent roles in the early history of the State, and whose residence was at Salem. Naturally, Marston G. Clark, cousin of Gen. George Rogers Clark, was the first name mentioned. He was one of the earliest Territorial judges, and, in addition, with the assistance of his wife, kept a hotel in Salem. The rough and ready justice of his day is illustrated by a story, told by Salem lawyers, and vouched for as true by some of the gray-headed pioneers.

The people were greatly troubled by horse-thieves, many of whom escaped by some crook of the law. One of these was caught and brought before Judge Clark. The fellow retained an attorney, and as the Judge found that the evidence would not convict him, yet was sure that the man was guilty, he postponed the case until the next day. He then called the sheriff and told him to take the culprit out in the woods, give him a good cowhiding and let him go. This was done. Next morning the attorney moved that the case be dismissed and the prisoner released, but, of course, he had gone already. Clark was a man of ungovernable temper, and would stand no opposition. On one occasion his horse got loose in the court-house square, which was full of stumps. After several futile attempts to catch the animal the Judge worked himself into a towering passion and vowed he would not thus be withstood by any living thing. He went to his house, got a rifle and deliberately shot the horse dead. His tavern was the stopping place of all the lawyers who then, like the judges, traveled around the circuit on horseback, and many amusing stories are still told by the Salem bar of the adventures and incidents at Clark's hostelry. Many of the older people remember seeing him in his buckskin hunting shirt and leggins. He died about 1846, and was buried in an old field east of Salem, but May 31, 1881, the body was taken up and reinterred at Crown Hill Cemetery with great pomp and Masonic honors, Grand Master C. W. Prather and Hon. John C. Lawler making orations. Judge Clark was the first grand master of Masons in Indiana.

But Salem boasts of being the home of others, also, who have served their country and risen to fame. Gen. Thomas J. Rodman, of Rodman gun fame, was born here, and so was Senator Newton Booth, of California, whose father operated a cotton-mill in the town. Among the members of its bar was Davis Floyd, after whom Floyd county is named, admitted to practice in 1814, on the organization of the county; Isaac Blackford, long on the State Supreme Bench, and later of the Court of Claims at Washington, who was first recorder and clerk of Washington county, and last, but not least, Cyrus Dunham. Woollen, in his history, relates that Dunham was terribly wounded in a fight. It occurred at Salem. Dunham, for some reason, had struck the father of Delos Heffron, who was then a lieutenant in the Union army. Hearing of the insult, he offered his resignation, to come home and chastise Dunham, but his commander would not permit it. When Heffron at last returned, he attacked Dunham and cut him so that his intestines fell out and he carried them in his hands as he walked to a surgeon to have the wound sewn up. Strangely enough, he recovered.

Heffron's career is too well known to need repetition here. How he killed W. R. Johnson, in 1866, in a bar-room fight, and John De Halstead in 1873, and how he was lynched, subsequently. The viaduct of the New Albany & Chicago road bears a faint inscription, "D. H., 1873," cut in the stone where the rope, that hung him, was fastened. His grave, also, is in Crown Hill, marked only by such a stone as the government sets up over its dead soldiers. It is marked: "Lieutenant Delos Heffron, Comp. C, 50th Ind. Vols."

Near by is the grave of one of his victims and upon its headstone the most unique and terrible inscription of any to be found in America. It was erected by the mother of the murdered man and she took the occasion to make Heffron's name infamous as long as the stone lasts. It reads:

FAREWELL MY DEAR SON,
WILLIAM R. JOHNSON,
Killed by a cold blooded murderer,
Delos Heffron,
August 13, 1866.

Then follow age and laudatory remarks which are said to be unjust to the man whom they praise. HERMAN RAVE.

EXPERIENCES WHEN ASLEEP.

What Dreams Are Made of and How They Are Influenced by Waking Impressions.

"The ideas that occupy people's minds during sleep," said a thoughtful citizen recently, "would furnish an interesting study if a record was kept and mental operations during slumber were more frequently compared with those of waking hours. Locke expressed the opinion that we do not always think when we sleep, but the general belief is that the mind is never entirely dormant. It has been said that to have no recollection our dreams does not prove that we have not dreamed; for it can often be proved that we have dreamed, although the dream has left no trace on our memory. If, then, thought in some form goes on continuously, surely that portion of it which goes on during the third of our existence spent in slumber is worth some attention. I think it can be shown that of the dreams that come through our senses, those that come through hearing and touch are most vivid, and people in whom one of the senses is defective have their dreams modified by this circumstance. A deaf and dumb man converses with his fingers in his dreams, and a man who has been blind from his birth never dreams of visible objects. A rose held to the nostrils of a sleeping person will usually bring visions of a garden, or some scene where flowers are present, and all the active senses can be used as media to affect our dreams, but none operate so frequently and powerfully as feeling and hearing. They do not always operate intelligently, but they make the most distinct impression. A person, for instance, will go to sleep with one shoulder uncovered, and as the unprotected part of the body grows cold, the unpleasant sensation will be mistaken for weight, and the sleeper will be roused by the impression that some one has had a heavy hand upon the shoulder. I remember going to sleep with an embrocation intended to cure a cold on my chest and throat, and waking with a very unpleasant belief that I had died, gone to hell, and that the devil had put a red hot iron collar about my neck. Everybody is familiar with the uncomfortable dreams that are the effects of painful and imperfect digestion. The influence of hearing, upon dreams, is scarcely less marked. The striking of a clock can build up a phantasmagoria of wonderful elaboration, and one frequently dreams out a long train of events that are started by the first tap on the door in the morning and finished by the time the knocking is concluded.

"The rapidity of our dreams is one of their most curious characteristics. Kant says we can dream more in a minute than we can act during a day, and that the great rapidity of thought in sleep is one of the principal causes why we do not always recollect what we dream. Our dreams most frequently come from waking associations that precede them and those that come from recent waking associations are usually most vivid. I remember going to bed after a hard day's shooting in some ponds near Sandusky, and dreaming out a better day's sport than I ever secured there. The ducks flew faster in my dream than they ever did when I was awake, and I hit more of them than I was ever able to do when my eyes were open. It began to grow cold and dark, and I remember that it was difficult to find a way out of the ponds at night, but I shot on and on until the water was black with ducks all about me. Then I loaded the boat, and began to row out. The ice began to form on the surface of the water, and I had to pull harder and harder, until finally the boat and the blades of the oars became frozen in the ice, and, benumbed with cold, I could not make an inch of headway. Then I awoke, and to my disgust found myself sitting up in bed, shivering and pulling like a lunatic at the footboard of the bed, which I had mistaken for a pair of oars. Dr. Hartley says the reason why our dreams are frequently lacking in coherence, and are unsubstantial in reasoning, is because in dreaming we have no other reality to oppose to the ideas which offer themselves, whereas in the common fictions of the fancy while we are awake, there is always a set of real external objects striking some of our senses and precluding a like mistake there.

"When I was a boy I used to sing in the choir of a church where my father preached, and in one of my dreams I fancied I was in the choir alone, with the church full of people and no one in the pulpit. I thought my father would be in soon, and started a hymn, but when we had sung one verse, and I turned over the leaf, the rest of the hymn was torn out. Then I went down, got a Prayer-book, and began to read the prayers for the day. The congregation got down on its knees, and I got along very satisfactorily until I read to the bottom of the page and turned over. Then the same calamity happened. The rest of the prayer was torn out. I could not get any further. There were the members of the congregation on their knees, and no way to get them up. I started to run out the door of the vestry-room and make my escape, tripped over a cushion, fell down, and woke up."

Electric Light and the Eye.

A Journal reporter yesterday asked Dr. J. L. Thompson, the oculist, what he thought would be the effect of electric lights, arc and incandescent, upon the eye, whether the application of that light might not bring in some strange disease, as telegraphy had brought in what is known as the telegraphers' disease, and the telephone, by a recent auricular confession of a sufferer, a disease of the ear. "I have not delved into the subject deeply," said the Doctor, "but from the knowledge I have of light in general I do not think any new injury will result to eyes by the use of electricity. I have noticed that the inconstant arc electric light, like gas with an intermittent pressure, is exceedingly hard upon the eye, but a bright and constant light is not hurtful. The better the light the better it is for the eye. It is the varying light that hurts. The nearer a light approaches the light of day the better. Of course, I do not mean by this that a man should face it and look at it. That would be hurtful to the retina; but, if used with proper precautions, a strong light is a good light. It is much as old Burton remarks, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, about tobacco: 'It is a divine weed if properly used, but if taken as tinkers take their ale, it is the ruin of body and soul, and so dangerous beyond measure.' The light electric is to be preferred to gas, because it does not heat up a room nor fill it with noxious vapors. It is thus far the best light except daylight. The lights and shadows thrown by electricity sometimes start migranes. Such effects are to be seen only in very nervous, sensitive people, the contrast between light and shadow, when come upon quickly, giving rise to reflex neurosis."

DIAMONDS AND OTHER GEMS

Treasures Jewelers Have in Their Cases to Give Brilliancy to the Trade.

Many Beautiful Things That Will Tempt the Holiday Purchaser and Bring Delight to Those to Whom Such Jewels Are Given.

The fiat has gone abroad, but not without the full sanction of those enterprising tradesmen, the jewelers, that "diamonds will be much worn this winter," an announcement doubtless intended to prepare the minds of husbands and lovers for what is expected of them on or about the 25th of December. It is believed that this precious stone will to a great extent take the place of the seal-skin sacque, but the advocates of the latter will not give up without a struggle. All the diamond-dealers on this terrestrial ball recognize the fact that the United States of America is the best market for their glittering gems. Some Indianapolis jewelers have been hugging to their bosoms the delusion that the revolution in Brazil would advance prices, but as that national somersault was accomplished one morning before breakfast and everything satisfactorily adjusted before the whistles blew for the noon lunch, their hopes will come to naught. Brazilian diamonds, being for the most part colorless, have ranked with the best East Indian gems, but the fields ceased to be profitable even with slave labor, and now many of them are no longer worked.

The question is often asked as to the largest and most valuable diamond in the world and the answer nearly always is the Kohinoor, or "Mountain of Light," which is among the crown jewels of Great Britain. Tradition has it that this gem was found in the mines of Golconda, in Bengal, India, before the Christian era. There is, however, a much larger diamond in the possession of the King of Portugal which came from Brazil, and, if genuine, of which there is some doubt, its value, according to the rule of computation would be $28,000,000, as it weighs in the rough 1,680 grains. The Brazilian diamond mines were discovered in 1728, and disarranged the prices of this rare gem when the product first came upon the market, even more seriously than happened in the case of the South African diamonds twenty years ago. The first discovery was made by some children, in 1868, finding upon the bank of the Orange river a diamond weighing twenty-one and a quarter carats. In 1869 the "Star of South Africa," a diamond weighing 83½ carats was found by a Grivua shepherd. The peculiarity of the South African diamond is that a great number of the stones found are of 80 carats and upwards, but as 90 per cent. of them are yellow tinted their value is depreciated. Diamonds have been found in the United States, but not in sufficient quantity to distress the market. The largest sparkler ever obtained in this country was picked up on the banks of the James river, opposite Richmond, Va., in 1856, and weighed 23.7 carats. Diamonds have also been found in Rutherford and Franklin counties, North Carolina; in Hill county, Georgia; in several counties in California, and in other places. A stone or so has even been found in Indiana, but there is quite as little inducement in this State to go diamond hunting as to wade about in the muddy bottoms of Brown and Morgan county creeks after gold.

It is at this time in the year, five or six weeks before Christmas, that the "looking" begins at the jewelry stores. A great many articles are purchased and the jeweler is asked to lay them aside until about Christmas when they will be called for. Partial payments are made to secure the trade, and frequently weekly payments follow until the amount is settled. In the week or ten days immediately preceding Christmas the jeweler is as busy as the ticket-seller at a circus, selling as much in that short space of time as in any three or four months in the year. After Christmas, or at least following New Year's, for there is an aftermath following Christmas when the belated and forgetful come in to buy, there is a dread and solemn calm that lasts several weeks. But the thrifty gem-seller can well afford the quiet. He has been putting money in his purse and he is given time to take account of stock and count his gains. The jewelry houses of this city never held such a quaint and curious variety as the world of fashion now demands, and which the cunning artificer is ready to supply. Enameled wares were never so numerous, so beautiful, so artistic. Miniature flowers, English violets, daisies, pansies, forget-me-nots, clover leaves, and such like are shown in rings, bracelets, brooches, etc., with gems as centers, and even the most prosaic person must admit their beauty. A lady in a street-car shivered with cold. "How can I ever get warm!" she exclaimed. An elderly Quaker seated opposite remarked mildly, "Thee might put on another breast-pin." This advice, it may be remarked, is likely to be very generally followed, and even the younger generation of Quakers have little or no antipathy to the exquisite metallic forms the jewelers are now displaying. A clover-leaf, with a wish-bone and a diamond in the center, is one of the fancies in bracelets while stars and crescents and enameled knots with diamonds abound, stuck where they will do the most good.

It is remarked by jewelers that diamonds have advanced somewhat, and they proceed to show how the lapidaries' art has made clusters of small diamonds far more effective than ever before. It is pleasant to be told that these small stones, so charmingly arranged, while comparatively inexpensive, are just in the height of fashion. There are some things in silver and gold that would cause the glint of appreciation to possess the eye of an anchorite. There are breast-pins little larger than a quarter of a dollar made of sterling silver, with gold centers, that glitter like diamonds. This appearance is given by the highly-polished steel point with which the shaping blows are struck, over nine hundred blows being required to fasten the piece just described. The same effect is shown in necklaces, scarf-pins and other pieces. The enameled idea also is carried out in a great variety of things. In rings, the flower idea is accepted as entirely an fait, and the little forget-me-not ring, and the daisy are pushing hard the true-lovers' knot. Turquoise is in request, but not to the extent of former years, while opals and pearls are in great favor. The pearl market is not affected by the alleged discovery in Wisconsin, and good pearls are in demand. Combined gems are sought for to a great degree, and rubies and diamonds, opals and diamonds in combination are in request. Diamond clusters are set closer together than formerly, and small stones so set are considered to have nearly or quite as good an effect as the large single stone without such serious impairment to family finances when it comes to a purchase. Nothing sells better than gold bead necklaces. There is a closer sympathy than ever between the woman of civilization and her barbaric sister. Both must have necklaces. In Africa, a lady does not consider herself in full dress without a necklace. With that and that alone she is happy. In the United States to-day the necklace appears to be an equal necessity, though more raiment goes with it.

It Was Raining.

Detroit Free Press.

Yesterday afternoon, while the rain was pouring down, a citizen left the postoffice to encounter an acquaintance, who was also sheltered by an umbrella.

"Raining, isn't it?" queried the first.

"Hey?"

"Raining, isn't it?"

"I'd like to see you a moment," was the reply. "Come up stairs."

"The two passed up, traversed the dark hall to its darkest corner, and then No. 2 turned on No. 1 with:

"Do you take me for an infernal idiot?"

"Why, no, of course not."

"Do you suppose I'm carrying an umbrella around to keep the sun off at this time of year?"

"No."

"I'm carrying it to keep the rain off, am I not?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, it rains. You know it rains. Everybody in town knows it rains. Now, you go on and let people alone."

"But—but—"

"That's all. You let it rain. She knows her business. You just attend to your own affairs and let the weather alone. Good day, sir."

And he went clumping down stairs and left the other to follow at his leisure.